

# Essex County Herald.

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## Little Woman.

Running out to meet me gladly.

Or with sweet and sunny face bent

Smiling on me from the easement,

Little woman.

Could I ever meet it sadly,

Ever cease to love her madly?

Love that matcheth hers but badly—

Little woman.

Copy all her modest dwelling,

Little woman;

Fires ever brightly glowing,

Flowers ever freshly blowing,

Little woman;

And a placid smile still telling

Of a gentle bosom swelling

With a peace all peace exceeding,

Little woman.

Just to hear her tender greeting:

Little woman;

Never would unkindly spelling

Ho me for husband said or telling,

Little woman.

Just to feel her warm lips meeting,

Just to hear her fond heart beating,

It was worth a year's entreating,

Little woman.

Men may grumble at their Larks,

Little woman;

And, on women's rights loud railing,

Weak the women's wrong prevailing,

Little woman;

But the best of household faeries

Is the wife whose golden hair is

Drifting over her husband's chair—this

Little woman.

FRIENDSHIP IN REAL LIFE.

By J. M. Francis, U. S. Minister at

Athens, Greece, writes to the Troy

Times as follows:

A few years since there lived in Be-

bek, a village on the Bosphorus some

six miles above Constantinople, an el-

derly Greek gentleman named Tchely

Yorgaky. He was the possessor of some

property in real estate, and a sufficient

income was derived from this source to

supply the moderate wants of himself

and his amiable wife, leaving a balance

more or less which was distributed for

charitable objects. They had no chil-

dren. The venerable couple were very

happy in each other's society: they had

few intimate associates outside. But

among these was a friend of ours, an

eminent American citizen, who for some

time resided near their dwelling in Be-

bek. One day our friend was invited

to spend a social evening with Mr. Yorg-

aky, the latter saying that if agree-

able, he would on this occasion relate

some facts of his family history which

might possibly prove interesting as

constituting a strange chapter of real

life at the East. Our friend promptly

accepted the invitation, as any liv-

ing Yankee would have done under this

stimulus to curiosity. The old gentle-

man's statement—and our friend vouch-

ed for Yorgaky's character for truth-

fulness, after an intimate acquaintance

with him for many years—was substan-

tially as follows:

My father's name was Yohannis Gios.

His father carried on the bakery busi-

ness. At quite an early age Yohannis

was employed as bread-seller at his

father's stall near the Egyptian bazaar

at Stamboul. There he made the ac-

quaintance of a Turkish boy of about

his own age named Ibrahim, who was

employed as salesman in his father's

tobacco shop close by. A remarkable

friendship grew up between these two

boys. All their leisure time they spent

in each other's society. They indulged

in sports together. They talked over

plans of business by which in future

years they might not be separated a sin-

gle day. They would achieve fortune,

and share their wealth together. These

were the day dreams of Yohannis and

Ibrahim. Time wore on. The boys

had attained the age of 17 or 18 years.

Ibrahim's father secured for his son a

situation as tobacco-seller (pipe-bearer)

to the Pasha of Bagdad. This was great

honor for a boy in humble circumstances.

But Ibrahim did not desire the place,

for it would take him far away from

Yohannis. Parental decision, however,

was omnipotent in the case, and he

must go. But before separating the boys

and long conference together. "I

must go," said Ibrahim. "I shall

return to Constantinople as a pasha,

and then you will share my honors

and fortune." The separation of Yohannis

and Ibrahim was painful. When the

final adieu was spoken, each pledged

the other that his friendship should re-

main constant so long as life endured.

Yohannis sorrowfully returned to his

business at the bread stall. Ibrahim

accompanied his master on the long jour-

ney to England.

Years passed by; Yohannis succeeded

to the humble business of his father on

the decease of the latter; he married,

and was blessed, and the poor as so often

door of an apartment, where at a given

signal the door opened and Yohannis

was at once brought face to face with the

Grand Vizier.

"This is our sublime master, the

grand vizier," said the officer. Yohannis

immediately prostrated himself be-

fore that august personage, and com-

menced pleading very earnestly for his

life. "Spare me, sublime master, spare

me," he ejaculated; "spare me for the

sake of my innocent and dependent

wife and children, if not on account of

my innocence of all wrong-doing. Why

should I be brought here to be made

the victim of the bowstring or the axe?

I have been a good and peaceful sub-

ject of his majesty; I have earned bread

for myself and family by honest labor;

I have wronged no man. Let me go,

and you shall have their blessing and

my prayers in return for your mercy.

If I am killed they will die for me;

they cannot earn bread to support life."

"You cannot go back to your busi-

ness," said the grand vizier, calmly.

"Then, sir," responded Yohannis in

a more resolute tone, "the blood of an

innocent man and his family you are

about to murder be on your garments:

the avenging power of Almighty justice

pursue you, sir, to the end; your crime

shall not go unpunished."

"Yohannis," responded the grand

vizier, "arise and answer my ques-

tions."

"Yes, sire, sublime master."

"When a boy you served as bread-

seller for your father close by the Egyp-

tian bazaar?"

"Yes, sire, and I now keep that same

stall."

"You had a friend named Ibrahim,

who attended his father's tobacco shop

very near you?"

"Oh, yes, sire; oh, yes," answered

Yohannis, nearly overcome with emo-

tion.

"And you and Ibrahim, on parting,

pledged each other to friendship for

life; Ibrahim saying that he should re-

turn some day with the honors and

wealth of a pasha, and he would sit

with you on the throne of his position?"

"Most truly you have spoken, sub-

lime master; but this was long ago,

and poor Ibrahim—I shall soon meet

him in a better world than this—has

been dead this many, many years."

"Ibrahim is not dead," said the

grand vizier; "he lives and is in good

health; he remembers Yohannis Gios:

he never forgot the place made him

at the time they parted; and now he

has the ability and determination to

make good that pledge. Yohannis

Gios," exclaimed his excellency, rising

from his seat and extending his arms,

"Yohannis Gios, behold in me your

friend in boyhood, Ibrahim the tobacco-

seller."

The two embraced and kissed each

other; tears flowed freely. Yohannis

was almost crazed by the mental reac-

tion. He sobbed and cried like a child.

The great heart of the grand vizier was

dilated with gladness. As soon as the

emotion awakened by this exciting

scene could be controlled, Ibrahim said

to Yohannis:

"Now you are appointed to a respon-

sible post; you will be my sarraf

(banker). You will at once receive your

outfit of dress. When properly attired

go hence with the attendants of my

staff to your home and tell the good

news to your wife and children. The

horse and equipage suitable to your

rank are ready for you. You will at

once be provided with all the means re-

quired to place your family in a posi-

tion becoming the dignity of your

situation. Attend to these duties to

your family first of all; else up your

little business, and then report to me

for duty. Yohannis and Ibrahim are

reunited; the pledge of boyhood is ful-

filled. Great is the Lord God, and

Mahomet is His prophet."

Yohannis was then arrayed in the

shining uniform of his rank; a beau-

tiful Arabian charger handsomely cap-

arisoned was furnished him, and with

personal servants and a guard of honor

he rode rapidly to his humble dwelling

in Stamboul, having been absent little

more than two hours. The family could

scarcely credit their own senses when

Yohannis reappeared so wonderfully

changed externally, and with his retin-

ue of attendants. They were overcome

with joy. The scene can be better im-

agined than described. From that day

forth they enjoyed happiness and pros-

perity.

Ibrahim's course had been this:

From the humble position of tobacco-

## Railroads of the United States.

The Manual of the Railroads of the

United States for 1873-1874 gives an in-

teresting summary of the workings of

this colossal interest for the past year.

It shows 67,104 miles of railroads to be

in operation, of which 6,427 miles were

opened the past year, and 33,934, or

more than one-half, since 1863. Ex-

tended statements of the cost, earnings,

expenses, &c., of 426 different com-

panies are given, embracing 57,323 miles of

line—the balance of the mileage, 9,781

miles, being made up of roads only re-

cently or partially completed, and which,

consequently, made no returns of their

operation. The cost of the mileage

(57,323 miles) of the roads whose op-

erations are given, is \$3,159,423,057, made

up of \$1,647,944,113 share capital, and

\$1,511,578,944 of various forms of in-

debtedness. Their earnings—of which

\$132,309,270 were received for transpor-

tation of passengers, and \$940,931,785

for freight—amounted to \$473,244,065,

being fifteen per cent. on the whole in-

vestment. The operating expenses for

the year were \$307,486,682, or sixty-five

per cent. of the gross receipts. The net

earnings were \$165,757,373, or thirty-

five per cent. of the gross receipts, equal-

ing 5.2 per cent. of the whole in-

vestment. The cost of the roads aver-

aged \$35,116 per mile; their earnings

\$8,256 per mile, and \$11.73 per head

of population, estimated at 40,232,000.

The earnings of the roads of the dif-

ferent sections, of course, differ greatly,

the most productive roads being those

of the six New England States, the

earnings of which, the past year, were

\$48,519,835, or 21.10 per cent. on a cost

of \$230,609,734. The cost per mile of

the roads (4,374 miles) was \$30,418; the

earnings per mile, \$10,636; per head

of population, \$13.76. The number of

inhabitants to the mile of road was

709.

The cost of the 11,617 miles of road

in operation in the six Middle States

equalled \$222,700,774, or \$73,427 per

mile. Their earnings were \$169,205,802,

or 18.30 per cent. of their cost. Their

earnings per mile were \$14,585, and

\$15.86 per head of population. The

number of inhabitants to each mile of

road was 732.

For the